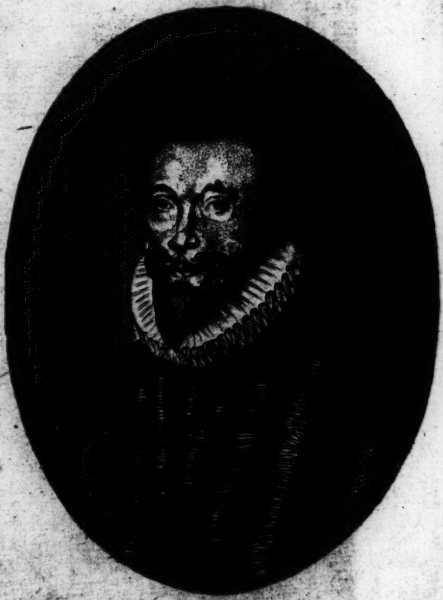

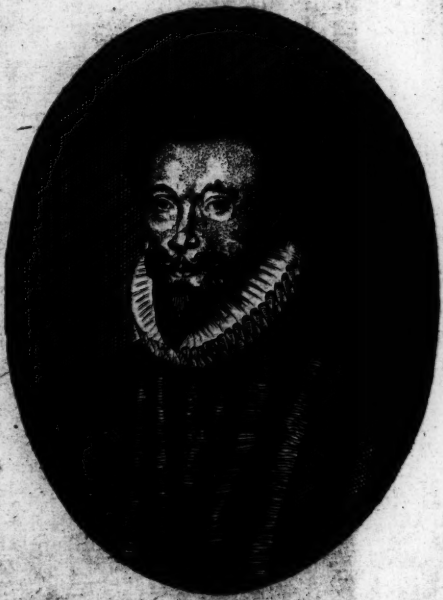

THE LIFE OF JOHN DONNE, Dr. in DIVINTY, AND Late DEAN of Saint PAULS Church LONDON.

The ſecond impreſſion corrected and enlarged.

Ecclus. 48.14.
He did wonders in his life, and at his death his works were marvelous.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. G.* for *R. Marriot*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop under S. *Dunſtans* Church in Fleet-ſtreet. 1658.

TO MY
Noble & honoured Friend
Sir ROBET HOLT *of*
Aston, *in the County*
of Warwick, *Baronet.*

SIR,

WHen this relation of the life of Doctor *Donne* was first made publick, it had besides the approbation of our late learned & eloquent

King, a conjunction with the Authors moſt excellent Sermons to ſupport it; and thus it lay ſome time fortified againſt prejudice; and thoſe paſsions that are by buſie and malicious men too freely vented againſt the dead.

And yet, now, after almoſt twenty yeares, when though the memory of Dr. *Donne* himſelf, muſt not, cannot

not die, ſo long as men ſpeak *Engliſh*; yet when I thought Time had made this relation of him ſo like my ſelf, as to become uſeleſs to the world, and content to be forgotten; I find that a retreat into a deſired privacy, will not be afforded; for the Printers will again expoſe it and me to publick exceptions; and without thoſe ſupports,

which we first had and needed, and in an Age too, in which Truth & Innocence have not beene able to defend themselves from worse then severe censures.

This I foresaw, and Nature teaching me selfe-preservation, and my long experience of your abilities assuring me that in you it may be found: to you, Sir, do I make mine addresses

for

for an umbrage and protection: and I make it with ſo much humble boldneſſe, as to ſay 'twere degenerous in you not to afford it.

For, Sir,

Dr. *Donne* was ſo much a part of your ſelf, as to be incorporated into your Family, by ſo noble a friendſhip, that I may ſay there was a marriage of ſouls betwixt him and

your

John King. B. of Lond. your * reverend Grandfather, who in his life was an Angel of our once glorious Church, and now no common Star in heaven.

And Dr. *Donne*'s love died not with him, but was doubled upon his Heire, your beloved Uncle the Bishop of

Hen: King now B.C. * *Chichester*, that lives in this froward generation, to be an ornament to his Calling. And this af-

affection to him was by Dr. *D.* ſo teſtified in his life, that he then truſted him with the very ſecrets of his ſoul; & at his death, with what was deareſt to him, even his fame, eſtate, & children.

And you have yet a further title to what was Dr. *Donne's*, by that dear affection & friendſhip that was betwixt him and your parents, by which he entailed

led a love upon your ſelf, even in your infancy, which was encreaſed by the early teſtimonies of your growing merits, and by them continued, till D. *Donne* put on immortality; and ſo this mortall was turned into a love that cannot die.

And Sir, 'twas pity he was loſt to you in your minority, before you had attained a judgement

ment to put a true value upon the living beauties and elegancies of his converſation; and pitty too, that ſo much of them as were capable of ſuch an expreſsion, were not drawn by the penſil of a *Tytian* or a *Tentoret*, by a pen equall and more laſting then their art; for his life ought to be the example of more then that age in which

which he died. And yet this copy, though very much, indeed too much ſhort of the Originall, will preſent you with ſome features not unlike your dead friend, and with fewer blemiſhes and more ornaments than when 'twas firſt made publique: which creates a contentment to my ſelfe, becauſe it is the more worthy of him, and becauſe

cauſe I may with more civility intitle you to it.

And in this deſigne of doing ſo, I have not a thought of what is pretended in moſt Dedications, *a Commutation for Courteſies*: no indeed Sir, I put no ſuch value upon this trifle; for your owning it will rather increaſe my Obligations. But my deſire is, that into whoſe hands

ſoe-

ſoever this ſhall fall, it may to them be a teſtimony of my gratitude to your ſelf and Family, who deſcended to ſuch a degree of humility as to admit me into their friendſhip in the dayes of my youth; and notwithſtanding, my many infirmities, have continued me in it till I am become gray-headed; and as Time has added to my yeares,

have

have ſtill increaſed and multiplied their favours.

This, Sir, is the intent of this Dedication: and having made the declaration of it thus publick, I ſhall conclude it with commending them and you to Gods deare love.

I remain, Sir, what your many merits have made me to be,

The humbleſt of your Servants,

Iſaac VValton.

TO THE READER.

MY desire is to inform and assure you, that shall become my Reader, that in that part of this following discourse, which is onely narration, I either speak my own knowledge, or from the testimony of such as dare do any thing, rather than speak an untruth. And for that part of it which is my own observation or opinion, if I had a power I would not use it to force any mans assent, but leave him a liberty to dis-believe what his own reason inclines him to.

Next,

Next, I am to inform you, that whereas Dr. Donne's life *was formerly printed with his Sermons, and then had the same Preface or Introduction to it; I have not omitted it now, because I have no such confidence in what I have done, as to appear without an apology for my undertaking it.*

I have said all when I have wished happiness to my Reader.

I. VV

THE Life of Dr. DONNE, Late DEANE of Saint *PAULS Church, Lond.*

IF the late deceased Provost of *Eaton* Colledge, Sir *Henry Wotton*, that great Master of Language and Art, had lived to see the publication of these Sermons, he had presented the world with the Authors life exactly written, which was a work worthy his undertaking, and he fit to undertake it. Betwixt whom and the Author there was such a friendship contracted in their youth, as nothing but death should force a separation. And though their bodies were divi-

ded

ded yet their affections were not, for that Learned Knights love followed his friends fame beyond death and the forgetfull grave. And this he testifyed by intreating me, whom he acquainted with his intentions, to inquire of some particulars that concerned it, not doubting but my knowledge of the Author and love to his memory might make my diligence usefull, I did prepare them in a readiness to be augmented and rectifyed by his powerfull pen; but then death prevented his intentions.

When I heard that sad news, & heard also that these Sermons were to be printed, & want the Authors Life, wch I thought worthy to be recorded, indignation or grief (truly I know not wch) transported me so far, that I reviewed my

my forſaken collections, & reſolved the world ſhould ſee the beſt narration of it, that my artleſſe pen guided by the hand of truth could preſent to it.

I ſhall be demanded, as once *Pompeys* poor bondman was (he was then alone on the Sea-ſhore gathering the ſcattered pieces of an old broken Boat to burn the neglected body of his dead Maſter) *Who art thou that prepareſt the funerals of* Pompey *the Great:* Who I am that ſo officiouſly ſet the Authors Memory on fire? I hope the queſtion will have in it more of wonder then diſdain: wonder indeed the Reader may, that I who profeſſe my ſelf artleſſe, ſhould preſume with my faint light, to ſhew forth his Life, whoſe very Name maketh it illuſtrious. But be this to the diſ-

ad-

advantage of the person represented, certain I am 'tis much to the advantage of the beholder, who shall here see the Authors picture in a naturall dresse, which ought to beget faith in what is spoken; for he that wants skill to deceive may safely be trusted.

And if the Authors glorious spirit which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of this officious duty, confident I am he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory; for whilst his conversation made me & many others happy below, I know his humility and gentlenesse was eminent, and I have heard Divines say, *That those vertues which were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious stars in heaven.*

This

This being premiſed, I proceed to tell the Reader, the Author was born in *London*, of good and vertuous parents: and though his own learning and other multiplied merits may juſtly ſeem ſufficient to dignifie both himſelf and his poſterity; yet the Reader may be pleaſed to know that his Father was maſculinely and lineally deſcended from a very ancient Family in *Wales*, where many of his name now live, that deſerve and have great reputation in that Countrey.

By his Mother he was deſcended of the Family of the famous and learned Sir *Tho. Moor*, ſometime *L. Chancelour* of *Engl.* as alſo from that worthy and laborious *Judge Raſtall*, who left Poſterity the vaſt Statutes of

the Law of this Nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his Fathers house, where a private Tutor had the care of him, untill the nineth year of his age, and in his tenth year was sent to the University of *Oxford*, having at that time a good command both of the French and Latine Tongue. This and some other of his remarkable abilities, made one give this censure of him, *That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandula*; of whom Story sayes, *That he was rather born than made wise by study*.

There he remained in *Hart-Hall*, having for the advancement of his studies Tutors of severall Sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable

capable, and his learning expressed in publick exercises declared him worthy to receive his first degree in the Schooles, which he forbore by advice from his friends, who being for their Religion of the Romish perswasion, were *conscionably* averse to some parts of the Oath that is alwaies tendered at those times, and not to be refused by those that expect the titulary honour of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age he was transplanted from *Oxford* to *Cambridge*, where that he might receive nourishment from both Soiles, he staid till his seventeenth yeare; all which time he was a most laborious Student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the ſeventeenth yeare of his age, he was removed to *London*, and then admitted into *Lincolns Inne*, with an intent to ſtudy the *Law*; where he gave great teſtimonies of his Wit, his Learning, and of his Improvement in that profeſſion: which never ſerved him for other uſe than an Ornament and Self-ſatisfaction.

His Father died before his admiſſion into this Society, and being a Merchant left him his portion in money (it was 3000 l.) His mother and thoſe to whoſe care he was committed, were watchfull to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointted him Tutors in the *Mathematicks*, and all the *Liberall Sciences*, to attend him. But with theſe Arts they were adviſed to

inſtill

instill particular principles of the *Romish Church*, of which those Tutors profest (though secretly) themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage (besides many opportunities) the example of his dear and pious Parents, which was a most powerfull perswasion, and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his *Pseudo-Martyr*; a book of which the Reader shall have some account in what followes.

He was now entred into the eighteenth year of his age, and at that time had betrothed himself to no Religion that might give him any other denomination than a Christian. And Reason and Piety had both perswaded

him that there could be no ſuch ſin as Schiſme, if an adherence to ſome viſible Church were not neceſſary.

He did therefore at his entrance into the nineteenth year of his age (though his youth and ſtrength then promiſed him a long life) yet being unreſolved in his Religion, he thought it neceſſary to rectifie all ſcruples that concerned that: and therefore waving the Law, and betrothing himſelf to no Art or Profeſſion, that might juſtly denominate him; he begun to ſurvey the Body of Divinity, as it is controverted betwixt the *Reformed* and the *Roman Church*. And as *Gods bleſſed Spirit did then awaken him to the ſearch, and in that induſtry did never forſake him*, (they be his own words *)

* In his Preface to *Pſeudo-Mar.*

ſo

so he calls the same holy Spirit to witnesse this protestation, that in that disquisition and search, he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself, and by that which he took to be the safest way, namely, his frequent prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the *Cardinall Bellarmine* to be the best defender of the *Roman cause*, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his Reasons. The Cause was weighty, and wilfull delayes had been inexcusable both towards God and his own conscience; he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and before the twentieth yeare of his age, did shew the then *Dean* of *Glocester*

(whose name my memory hath now lost) all the Cardinals works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand; which works were bequeathed by him at his death as a Legacy to a most dear Friend.

The year following he resolved to travell; and the Earl of *Essex* going first the *Cales*, and after the *Island voyages*, he took the advantage of these opportunities, waited upon his Lordship, and was an eye-witnesse of those happy and unhappy employments.

But he returned not back into *England*, till he had staid some years first in *Italy*, and then in *Spain*, where he made many usefull observations of those Countreys, their Laws and manner

ner of Government, and returned into *England* perfect in their Languages.

The time that he ſpent in *Spain* was at his firſt going into *Italy* deſigned for travelling the *Holy Land*, and for viewing *Jeruſalem* and the Sepulchre of our Saviour. But at his being in the furtheſt parts of *Italy*, the diſappointment of company, or of a ſafe Convoy, or the uncertainty of returns for money into thoſe remote parts, denied him that happineſs which he did often occaſionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his returne into *England*, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wiſdom, the Lord *Elſemore*, Keeper of the great Seal, and *Lord*

cellour of England, taking notice of his Learning, Languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his perſon and condition, took him to be his chief Secretary, ſuppoſing and intending it to be an Introduction to ſome more weighty employment in the State, for which his Lordſhip did often proteſt he thought him very fit.

Nor did his Lordſhip in this time of Mr. *Donne*'s attendance upon him, account him to be ſo much his ſervant, as to forget he was his friend; and to teſtifie it, did alwayes uſe him with much courteſie, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he eſteemed his company and diſcourſe a great ornament.

He continued that employment

ment for the ſpace of five years, being daily uſefull, and not mercenary to his friends. During which time he (I dare not ſay unhappily) fell into ſuch a liking, as (with her approbation) increaſed into a love with a young Gentlewoman that lived in that Family, who was Niece to the Lady *Elſemore*, and Daughter to Sir *George Moor*, then Chancellour of the Garter and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir *George* had ſome intimation of it, and knowing prevention to be a great part of wiſdom, did therefore remove her with much haſte from that to his own houſe at *Lotheſley*, but too late, by reaſon of ſome faithfull promiſes which were ſo interchangably paſſed as never to be violated.

Theſe

These promises were onely known to themselves, and the friends of both parties used much diligence and many arguments to kill or coole their affections to each other: but in vain; for love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion that carries us to commit *errors* with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers, and beget in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire. And such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them together (I forbear to tell how) and to a marriage too without the allowance of those friends, whose approbation always was & ever will be necessary to make even a vertuous love become lawful. And

And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall, like an unexpected tempeſt, on thoſe that were unwilling to have it ſo; but that preapprehenſions might make it the leſs enormous, it was purpoſely whiſpered into the ears of many that it was ſo, yet by none that could atteſt it. But to put a period to the jealouſies of Sir *George*, (Doubt often begetting more reſtleſs thoughts then the certain knowledge of what we fear) the news was in favour to Mr. *Donne*, and with his allowance, made known to Sir *George* by his honourable friend and neighbour *Henry* Earl of *Northumberland*: but it was to Sir *George* ſo immeaſurably unwelcome, and ſo tranſported him, that as though his paſſion of anger and inconſideration might exceed theirs of

love

love and errour, he presently engaged his sister the Lady *Elsemore* to joyn with him to procure her Lord to discharge Mr. *Donne* of the place he held under his Lordship. This request was followed with violence; and though Sir *George* were remembred, that errors might be overpunished, and desired therefore to forbear till second considerations might clear some scruples, yet he became restlesse untill his suit was granted, and the punishment executed. The *Lord Chancellour* then at Mr. *Donnes* dismission, saying, he parted with a Friend; and protested *he thought him a Secretary fitter for a King then a Subject.*

But this Physick of M. *Donne's* dismission was not strong enough to purge out all Sir *George* his choler,

choler, who was not ſatisfied till Mr. *Donne* and his Compupill in *Cambridge* that married him, namely, *Samuel Brook* (who was after Doctor in Divinity, and Maſter of Trinity Colledge) and his brother Mr. *Chriſtopher Brook*, Mr. *Donne*'s Chamberfellow in *Lincolns Inne*, who gave Mr. *Donne* his Wife, and witneſſed the marriage, were all committed, and to three ſeverall priſons.

Mr. *Donne* was firſt enlarged, who neither gave reſt to his body or brain, nor any friend in whom he might hope to have an intereſt, untill he had procured an enlargement for his two impriſoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his dayes were ſtill cloudy; and being paſt theſe troubles, others did

did ſtill multiply upon him; for his wife was (to her extreme ſorrow) detained fom him; and though with *Jacob* he endured not an hard ſervice for her, yet he loſt a good one, and was forced to make good his title to her, and to get poſſeſſion of her by a long and a reſtleſſe ſuit in Law, which proved troubleſome and chargeable to him, whoſe youth, and travell, and bounty, had brought his eſtate into a narrow compaſs.

It is obſerved, and moſt truly, that ſilence and ſubmiſſion are charming qualities, and work moſt upon paſſionate men; and it proved ſo with Sir *George*; for theſe and a generall report of Mr. *Donne's* merits, together with his winning behaviour, (which when it would intice, had

had a ſtrange kind of elegant irreſiſtible art) theſe and time had ſo diſpaſſionated Sir *George*, that as the world had approved his daughters choice, ſo he alſo could not but ſee a more then ordinary merit in his new ſon; and this melted him into ſo much remorſe (for Love and Anger are ſo like Agues, as to have hot and cold fits.) And love in parents, though it may be quenched, yet is eaſily rekindled, and expires not, till death denies mankind a naturall heat) that he laboured his ſons reſtoration to his place; uſing to that end both his own and his ſiſters power to her Lord, but with no ſucceſſe; for his anſwer was, *That though he was unfeignedly ſorry for what he had done, yet it was inconſiſtent with his place and credit, to diſcharge and re-*

admit

admit servants at the request of passionate petitioners.

Sir *George*'s endeavour for Mr. *Donne*'s re-admission, was by all meanes to be kept secret (for men do more naturally reluct for errours, than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgement.) However it was not long before Sir *George* appeared to be so far reconciled, as to wish their happinesse, and not to deny them his paternall blessing, but refused to contribute any meanes that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. *Donne*'s estate was the greatest part spent in many and chargable Travels, Books, and dear-bought Experience; he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife,

wife, who had been curiouſly and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accuſtomed to confer, but not to receive courteſies: Theſe and other conſiderations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his ſufferings, ſurrounded him with many ſad thoughts, and ſome apparent apprehenſions of want.

But his ſorrowes were leſſened and his wants prevented by the ſeaſonable courteſie of their noble kinſman Sir *Francis Wolly* of *Pirford*, who intreated them to a cohabitution with him; where they remained with much freedome to themſelves, and equall content to him for many years; and as their charge encreaſed (ſhe had yearly a child) ſo did his love and bounty.

It

It hath been obſerved by wiſe and conſidering men, that wealth hath ſeldome been the portion, and never the mark to diſcover good people, but that Almighty God, who diſpoſeth all things wiſely, hath of his abundant goodneſſe denied it (he onely knowes why) to many whoſe minds he hath enriched with the greater bleſſings of *knowledge* and *vertue*, as the fairer teſtimonies of his love to mankind; and this was the preſent condition of this man of ſo excellent erudition and endowments; whoſe neceſſary and daily expences were hardly reconcilable with his uncertain and narrow eſtate. Which I mention, for that at this time there was a moſt generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares; the declaration of which

which ſhall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been ſo good to his Church, as to afford it in every age ſome ſuch men to ſerve at his Altar as have been pioufly ambitious of doing good to mankind; a diſpoſition that is ſo like to God himſelf, that it owes it ſelf onely to him who takes a pleaſure to behold it in his creatures. Theſe times he did bleſſe with many ſuch; ſome of which ſtill live to be patterns of Apoſtolicall Charity, and of more than Humane Patience. I have ſaid this becauſe I have occaſion to mention one of them in my following diſcourſe; namely, Dr. *Morton*, the moſt laborious and learned Biſhop of *Durham*, one that God hath bleſſed with perfect intellectuals, and a cheerfull heart,

heart at the age of 94 yeares (and is yet living) one that in his dayes of plenty uſed his large Revenue to the encouragement of *Learning* and *Vertue*; and is now (be it ſpoken with ſorrow) reduced to a narrow eſtate, which he embraces without repining; and ſtill ſhews the beauty of his mind by ſo liberall a hand, as if this were an age in which *to morrow were to care for it ſelf*. I have taken a pleaſure in giving the reader a ſhort, but true character of this good man, from whom I received this following relation. He ſent to Mr. *Donne*, and intreated to borrow an hour of his time for a Conference the next day. After their meeting there was not many minutes paſſed before he ſpake to Mr. *Donne* to this purpoſe; 'Mr. 'Donne, The occaſion of ſend-
'ing

'ing for you is to propose to you 'what I have often revolv'd in 'my own thought since I last 'saw you: which, nevertheless, 'I will not do but upon this con-'dition, that you shall not re-'turn me a present answer, but 'forbeare three dayes, and be-'stow some part of that time in 'fasting and prayer; and after a 'serious consideration of what I 'shall propose, then return to 'me with your answer. Deny 'me not, Mr. *Donne*, for it is the 'effect of a true love, which I 'would gladly pay as a debt due 'for yours to me.

This request being granted, the Doctor exprest himself thus:

'Mr. *Donne*, I know your E-'ducation and Abilities; I know

'your

'your expectation of a State-
'employment; and I know your
'fitnesse for it; and I know too
'the many delayes and contin-
'gencies that attend Court-pro-
'mises; and let me tell you, my
'love begot by our long friend-
'ship and familiarity hath prom-
'pted me to such an inquisition
'of your present temporall e-
'state, as makes me no stranger
'to your necessities, which are
'such as your generous spirit
'could not bear, if it were not
'supported with a pious pati-
'ence: you know I have for-
'merly perswaded you to wave
'your Court-hopes, and enter
'into holy Orders; which I now
'again perswade you to embrace,
'with this reason added to my
'former request: The King hath
'now made me Dean of *Gloce-*
'*ster*, and I am possessed of a
'Be-

'Benefice, the profits of which 'are equall to those of my Deanry, I will think my Deanry e'nough for my maintenance '(who am and resolve to die a 'single man) and will quit my 'Benefice and estate you in it '(which the Patron is willing I 'shall doe) if God shall incline 'your heart to embrace this mo'tion. *Remember*, Mr. *Donne*, 'no mans education or parts 'make him too good for this 'employment, *which is to be an 'Ambassadour for him who by a 'vile death opened the gates of life 'to mankind.* Make me no pre'sent answer; but remember 'your promise, and return to me 'the third day with your resolu'tion.

At the hearing of this, Mr. *Donne*'s faint breath and perplext

countenance gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict; but he departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then it was to this effect;

"My most worthy and "most deare friend, since "I saw you I have been faith-"full to my promise, and "have also meditated much of "your great kindnesse, which "hath been such as would ex-"ceed even my gratitude; but "that it cannot doe, and more I "cannot return you; and that I "do with an heart full of huni-"lity and thanks; though I may "not accept of your offer; but "my refusall is not for that I "think my self too good for that "calling, for which Kings, if "they think so, are not good e-"nough: nor for that my edu-"cation

"fication and learning, though "not eminent, may not, being "assisted with Gods grace and "humility, render me in some "measure fit for it: but I dare "make so dear a friend as you "are my Confessor; some irre-"gularities of my life, have been "so visible to some men, that "though I have, I thank God, "made my peace with him by "penitentiall resolutions against "them, and by the assistance of "his grace banish'd them my af-"fections; yet this, which God "knows to be so, is not so vi-"sible to man, as to free me "from their censures, and it may "be that sacred calling from a "dishonour. And besides, where-"as it is determined by the best "of *Casuists*, that *Gods glory* "*should be the first end, and a* "*maintenance the second motive*

"*to embrace that calling*; and
"though that each man may
"propose to himself both toge-
"ther; yet the first may not be
"put last without a violation of
"conscience, which he that sear-
"ches the heart will judge.
"And truly my present condi-
"tion is such, that if I ask my
"own conscience whether it be
"reconcilable to that rule, it is
"at this time so perplexed about
"it, that I can neither give my
"self nor you an answer. You
"know Sir, who sayes, *Happy is*
"*that man whose conscience doth*
"*not accuse him for that thing*
"*which he does*. To these I
"might adde other reasons that
"disswade me; but I crave your
"favour that I may forbeare to
"express them.

This was his present resoluti-
on,

on, but the heart of man is not in his own keeping; and he was destined to this sacred service by an higher hand, a hand so powerfull, as forced him to a compliance: of which I shall give the reader an account before I shall give a rest to my pen.

Mr. *Donne* and his wife continued with Sir *Francis Wolly* till his death; a little before which time he was so happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir *George* and his forsaken son and daughter, Sir *George* conditioning by bond to pay to Mr. *Donne* 800 l. at a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or 20 l. quarterly for their maintenance, as the interest for it, till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he li-

ved with Sir *Francis*, he studied the *Civil* and *Common Lawes*; in which he acquired such a perfection, as was judged to hold proportion with many who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir *Francis* being dead, and that happy family dissolved, Mr. *Donne* took for himself an house in *Micham* (near to *Croydon* in *Surrey*) a place noted for good aire and choice company: there his wife and children remained; & for himself he took lodgings in *London* near to White-Hall, whither his friends and occasions drew him very often, and where he was often visited by many of the Nobility and others of this Nation, who used him in their Counsels of greatest consideration.

Nor

Nor did our owne Nobility onely value and favour him, but his acquaintance and friendship was sought for by most Ambassadours of forraign Nations, and by many other strangers, whose learning or businesse occasioned their stay in this Nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his residence in *London*, but he still denied it, having setled his deare wife and children at *Micham*, whither he often retired himself, and destin'd certaine dayes to a constant study of some points of Controversies; but after some yeares, the perswasion of friends was so powerful, as to cause the removall of himself and family to *London*, where Sir *Robert Drewry*, a Gentleman of a very

noble estate, and a more liberall mind, assigned him a very choice and usefull house rent-free, next to his own in *Drewry-lane*; and was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized with him and his in all their joy and sorrowes.

Many of the Nobility were watchfull and solicitous to the King for some preferment for him; His Majesty had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a State-employment, being the better pleased when Mr. *Donne* attended him, especially at his meals, where there were usually many deep discourses of general learning, and very often friendly debates or disputes of Religion betwixt his Majesty and those Divines,

vines, whose places required their attendance on him at those times: particularly, the Dean of the Chappel, who then was Bishop *Montague* (the publisher of the learned and eloquent Works of his Majesty) and the most reverend Doctor *Andrews*, the late learned Bishop of *Winchester*, who then was the Kings Almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes that concerned the *Oath of Supremacy* and *Allegiance*, in which the King had appeared and engaged himself by his publick writings now extant; and his Majesty discoursing with Mr. *Donne* concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those Oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearnesse in his stating

the Questions, and his Answers to them, that his Majesty commanded him to bestow some time in drawing the Arguments into a method, and then write his Answers to them; and having done that, not to send but be his own messenger and bring them to him. To this he presently applied himself, and within six weeks brought them to him under his own hand-writing, as they be now printed, the Book bearing the name of *Pseudo-Martyr*.

When the King had read and considered that booke, he perswaded Mr. *Donne* to enter into the Ministry; to which at that time he was and appeared very unwilling, apprehending it (such was his mistaking modesty) to be too weighty for his abilities;

abilities; and though his Majesty had promised him a favour, and many persons of worth mediated with his Majesty for some secular employment for him, to which his education had apted him, and particularly the Earle of *Somerset*, when in his height of favour, being then at *Theobalds* with the King, where one of the Clerks of the Council died that night, the Earle having sent immediately for Mr. *Donne* to come to him, said, *Mr.* Donne, *To testifie the reality of my affection, and my purpose to prefer you, stay in this garden till I go up to the King, and bring you word that you are Clerk of the Council.* The King gave a positive denial to all requests; and having a discerning spirit, replied, *I know Mr.* Donne *is a learned man, has the abilities of a learned Divine, and will prove*

a powerfull Preacher, and my desire is to prefer him that way. After that, as he professeth, * *the King descended almost to a solicitation of him to enter into sacred Orders:* which, though he then denied not, yet he deferred it for three years. All which time he applied himself to an incessant study of Textuall Divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned Languages, *Greek* and *Hebrew.*

* In his book of Devotions.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the Clergy were look'd upon with reverence, and deserved it, when they overcame their opposers by high examples of Vertue, by a blessed Patience and long Suffering; those onely were then judged worthy the Ministry, whose quiet and meek spirits did make

make them look upon that ſacred calling with an humble adoration and fear to undertake it; which indeed requires ſuch great degrees of *humility*, and *labour*, and *care*; that none but ſuch were then thought worthy of that Celeſtiall dignity. And ſuch onely were then ſought out, and ſolicited to undertake it. This I have mentioned becauſe forwardneſs and inconſideration could not in Mr. *Donne* as in many others, be an argument of inſufficiency or unfitneſſe, for he had conſidered long, and had many ſtrifes within himſelf concerning the ſtrictneſſe of life and competency of learning required in ſuch as enter into ſacred Orders; and doubtleſſe, conſidering his own demerits, did humbly aske God with St. *Paul*, *Lord who is ſufficient for theſe things?* and with

meek

meek *Moses, Lord who am I?* And sure if he had consulted with flesh and blood, he had not put his hand to that holy plough. But, God who is able to prevaile, wrestled with him as the *Angell* did with *Jacob*, *and marked him*; mark't him for his own, mark't him with a blessing, a blessing of obedience to the motions of his blessed Spirit. And then, as he had formerly asked God with *Moses, Who am I?* So now being inspired with an apprehension of Gods particular mercy to him, he came to ask *King Davids* thankfull question, *Lord who am I that thou art so mindfull of me?* So mindfull of me as to lead me for more then forty yeares through this wilderness of the many temptations, and various turnings of a dangerous life; so merciffull to me as to move the learned'st

learned'ſt of *Kings*, to deſcend to move me to ſerve at thy Altar; ſo merciſull to me as to move my heart to imbrace this holy motion, thy motions I will imbrace. And I now ſay with the bleſſed Virgin, *Be it with thy ſervant as ſeemeth beſt in thy ſight*; and ſo I do take the cup of ſalvation, and will call upon thy Name and preach thy Goſpel.

Such ſtrifes as theſe St. *Auſtine* had, when St. *Ambroſe* indeavoured his converſion to Chriſtianiey, with which he confeſſeth, he acquainted his friend *Alipius*. Our learned Author (a man fit to write after no mean Copy) did the like. And declaring his intentions to his dear friend Dr. *King* then *Biſhop* of *London*, a man famous in his generation, and no ſtranger to Mr.

Donnes

Donnes abilities. (For he had been Chaplain to the Lord Chancellour, at the time of Mr. *Donnes* being his Lordships Secretary) That Reverend man did receive the news with much gladnesse, and after some expressions of joy, and a perswasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him both *Deacon* and *Priest*.

Now the *English Church* had gain'd a second St. *Austine*, for I thinke none was so like him before his conversion; none so like St. *Ambrose* after it; and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other, the learning and holinesse of both.

And now all his studies which had

had been occasionally diffused, were all concentred in Divinity. Now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new imployment for his wit and eloquence. Now all his earthly affections were changed into divine love; and all the faculties of his own soul were ingaged in the conversion of others. In preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners; and peace to each troubled soul. To these he applyed himself with all care & diligence; and now, such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, *Oh how amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts!* Now he declared openly, *that when he required a temporal, God gave him a spiritual blessing*: And that, *he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the house of God, then he could to be in-*

joy the noblest of all temporall imployments.

Presently after he entred into his holy profession, the *King* sent for him, and made him his Chaplain in ordinary; and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And though his long familiarity with Scholars, and persons of greatest quality, was such as might have given some men boldnesse enough to have preached to any eminent Auditory, yet his modesty in this imployment was such, that he could not be perswaded to it, but went usually accompanied with some one friend, to preach privately in some villages not far from *London*. This he did till his Majesty sent and appointed him a day

day to preach to him, and though much were expected from him, both by his Majesty and others, yet he was so happy which few are, as to satisfie and exceed their expectations; preaching the Word so, as shewed his own heart was possest with those very thoughts, and joyes that he laboured to distill into others. A Preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for his Auditory, sometimes with them; alwaies preaching to himself like an Angell from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. *Paul* was, to Heaven in holy raptures, and inticing others by a sacred art and Courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it; and a vertue so, as to make it be loved even by those that lov'd it not, and all this

this with a most particular grace and an unexpressable addition of comelinesse.

There may be some that may incline to think (such indeed as have not heard him) that my affection to my friend, hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching. If this meets with any such, Let me intreat, though I will omit many, yet that he will receive at least a double witnesse for what I say being attested by a Gentleman of worth, Mr. *Chidley*, and a frequent hearer of his Sermons. It is part of a funerall elogy writ on him, and a known truth though it be in verse.

——————Each Altar had his fire——

He kept his love but not his object: wit,

He

He did not banish, but transplanted it,

Taught it both time & place, & brought it (home

To piety, which it doth best become.

For say, had ever pleasure such a dresse?

Have you seen crimes so shapt, or lovelyness

Such as his lips did clothe Religion in?

Had not reproof a beauty-passing sin?

Corrupted nature sorrowed that she stood

So neer the danger of becomming good.

And, when he preach't she wish't her eares (exempt.

From piety, that had such power to tempt.

More of this, and more witnesses might be brought, but I forbear and returne.

That summer, in the very same moneth in which he entred into

into sacred Orders, and was made the *Kings Chaplain*, His Majesty then going his Progresse, was intreated to receive an entertainment in the University of *Cambridge*: And Mr. *Donne* attending his Majesty at that time, his Majesty was pleased to recommend him to the University, to be made *Doctor* in *Divinity*, *Doctor Harsnet* (after Arch-Bishop of *York*) was then *Vice-Chancellour*, who knowing him to be the Author of the *Pseudo-Martyr*, required no other proof of his abilities, but proposed it to the *University*, who presently assented and exprest a gladnesse, that they had such an occasion to intitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and industry in his profession, were so eminent, and he so known and beloved by

by persons of quality, that within the first year of his entring into sacred Orders, he had fourteen Advowsons of several Benifices presented to him. But they were in the Country, and he could not leave his beloved *London*, to which place he had a naturall inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and contracted a friendship there with many, whose conversation multiplyed the joyes of his life: But, an imployment that might affixe him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from *Cambridge*, his wife dyed, leaving him a man of an unsettled estate, and (having buryed five) the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave

gave a voluntary assurance never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother, which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his teares all his earthly joyes in his most dear and deserving wives grave; and betake himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became *crucified to the world*, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures that are dayly acted on that restlesse stage, and they crucified to him. Nor is it hard to thinke (being passions may be both changed and heightned by accidents) but that that abundant affection (which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes, the Companion

of his youth; her, with whom he had devided so many pleasant sorrows and contented feares as the Common-people are not capable of: She being now removed by death, a commeasurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done, and so indeed it did: for now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness, now grief took so full a possession of his heart, as to leave no place for joy. If it did? It was a joy to be alone, where like a *Pelican in the wilderness*, he might bemoane himself without witnesse or restraint, and poure forth his passions like *Job* in the dayes of his affliction, *Oh that I might have the desire of my heart! Oh that God would grant the thing that I long for!* For then *as the Grave is become her house*, so I would hasten to make it mine al-

so; *that we two might there make our beds together in the darke.* Thus as the *Israelites* sate mourning by the rivers of *Babylon*, when they remembred *Sion*; so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrowes. Thus he began the day, and ended the night, ended the restless night and began the weary day in *lamentations*. And thus he continued till a consideration of his new ingagements to God, and St. *Pauls Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel*: disper'st those sad clouds that had now benighted his hopes, and forc'd him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house was to preach, where his beloved wife lay buryed (in St. *Clements* Church neer Temple-Barre *London*,) and his text was

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a part of the Prophet *Jeremy's* Lamentations: *Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction.*

And indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man; and they with the addition of his sighs and teares did so work upon the affections of his hearers, as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadnesse; and so they left the Congregation; but their houses presented them with objects of diversion, and his presented him with no diversions, but with fresh objects of sorrow, in beholding many helplesse children, and a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attended their education.

In this time of sadnesse he was importuned by the grave Ben-

chers of *Lincolns Inne*, once the friends of his youth, to accept of their Lecture, which by reason of Dr. *Gatakers* removall from thence was then void; of which he accepted, being most glad to renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much loved, and where he had been a *Saul*, though not to persecute Christianity, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practise of it, there to become a *Paul*, and preach salvation to his brethren.

And now his life was as a *shining light* amongst his old friends; now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictnesse and regularity of it; now he might say as S. *Paul* advised his *Corinthians*, *Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, and walk as ye have me for*

an

an example; not the example of a busie-body, but of a contemplative, an harmlesse, and an holy life and conversation.

The love of that noble society was expressed to him many wayes; for, besides fair lodgings that were set apart and newly furnished for him, with all necessaries, other courtesies were daily added; so many and so freely, as if they meant their gratitude should exceed his merits; and in this love-strife of desert and liberality, they continued for the space of three years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperour of *Germany* died, and the Palsgrave, who had lately married the Lady *Elizabeth* the Kings onely daughter, was

elected and crowned King of *Bohemia*, the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that Nation.

King *James*, whose Motto (*Beati Pacifici*) did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured first to prevent, and after to compose the discords of that discomposed State: and amongst other his endeavours did then send the Lord *Hay* Earl of *Doncaster* his Ambassadour to those unsetled Princes; and by a speciall command from his Majesty Dr. *Donne* was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the Princes of the Union: for which the Earl was most glad, who had alwayes put a great value on him, and taken a complacency in his conversation; and those of *Lincolnes Inne* that

that were his most intire friends were glad also; for they feared that his immoderate study and sadness for his wives death, would, as *Jacob* said, *make his days few*, and respecting his bodily health, *evil too*: and of this there were some visible signes. At his going he left his friends of *Lincolns Inne*, and they him with many reluctations: for though he could not say as S. *Paul* to his *Ephesians*, *Behold you to whom I have preached the kingdom of God, shall from henceforth see my face no more*; yet he believing himself to be in a Consumption, questioned, and they feared it: knowing that his troubled mind with the help of his unintermitted studies hastened the decayes of his weak body. But God turned it to the best, for this employment (to say nothing of the event

of it) did not onely divert him from those serious studies and sad thoughts, but seemed to give him a new life by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witnesse of the health of his most dear and most honoured Mistresse the Qu. of *Bohemia*, in a forraign Nation, and to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him: Who having formerly known him a Courtier, was much joyed to see him in a Canonicall habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerfull preaching.

About fourteen moneths after his departure out of *England*, he returned to his friends of *Lincolns-Inne* with his sorrows moderated, and his health improved, and there betook himself to his constant course of preaching.

About

About a year after his return out of *Germany*, Dr. *Cary* was made Bishop of *Exeter*, and by his removall the Deanry of *St. Pauls* being vacant, the King sent to Dr. *Donne*, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his Majesty was sate down, before he had eat any meat, he said after his pleasant manner, *Dr.* Donne, *I have invited you to dinner, and though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for I know you love* London, *and I do therefore make you Dean of* Pauls; *and when I have dined, then doe you take your beloved dish home to your study; say grace there to your self, and much good may it do you.*

Immediately after he came to his Deanry, he employed work-

men to repair and beautifie the Chappel, suffering, as holy *David* once vowed *his eyes and temples to take no rest, till he had first beautified the house of God.*

The next quarter following, when his Father-in-law Sir *Geo. Moor*, whom Time had made a lover and admirer of him, came to pay to him the conditioned summe of twenty pounds; he refused to receive it, and said as good *Jacob* did, when he heard his beloved son *Joseph* was alive, *It is enough*, you have been kind to me and mine: I know your present condition, and I hope mine is or will be such as not to need it: I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract; and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Imme-

Immediately after his admission into his Deanry, the Vicarage of St. *Dunston* in the West, *London*, fell to him by the death of Dr. *White*, the Advowson of it having been formerly given to him by his honourable friend, *Richard* Earl of *Dorset*, then the Patron, and confirmed by his brother the late deceased *Edward*, both of them men of much honour.

By these and other Ecclesiasticall endowments which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of *Kent*, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children, that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession and quality.

The

The next *Parliament*, which was within that present year, he was chosen *Prolocutor* to the *Convocation*; and about that time was appointed by his Majesty, his most gracious Master, to preach very many occasionall Sermons. All which employments he performed, not onely to the allowance but admiration of the Representative Body of the whole Clergy of this Nation.

He was once, and but once, clowded with the Kings displeasure, and it was about this time, which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer; who had told his Majesty that Dr. *Donne* had put on the generall humour of the Pulpits, and was become busie in insinuating a fear of the Kings inclining to Popery, and a dis-

dislike of his Government: and particularly, for his turning the evening Lectures into Catechising, and expounding the Prayer of our Lord, and of the Belief, and Commandements. His Majesty was more inclinable to believe this; for that a person of Nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. *Donne*, there had been a great friendship, was about this time discarded the Court (I shall forbear his name, unlesse I had a fairer occasion) and justly committed to prison; which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this Nation think they are not wise, unlesse they be busie about what they understand not, and especially about Religion.

The King received this news with so much discontent and rest-

restlesnesse, that he would not suffer the Sun to set and leave him under this doubt; but sent for Dr. *Donne*, and required his answer to the Accusation; which was so clear and satisfactory, that the King said he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion. When the King had said this, Doctor *Donne* kneeled down and thanked his Majesty, and protested his answer was faithful & free from allcollusion, and therefore *desired that he might not rise till as in like cases he always had from God, so he might have from his Majesty some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion.* Then the King raised him from his knees with his own hands, and protested that he knew he was an honest man, and doubted not but that he loved him truly. And having thus dis-
missed

missed him, he called some Lords of his Council into his chamber, and said with much earnestnesse, *My Doctor is an honest man: and my Lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer: and I alwayes rejoice when I think that by my means he became a Divine.*

He was made Dean the fiftieth year of his age; and in his fifty fourth yeare a dangerous sicknesse seized him, which inclined him to a Consumption. But God, as *Job* thankfully acknowledged, *preserved his spirit*, and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect, as when that sicknesse first seized his body.

In this distemper of body his dear friend *Dr. Henry King* (chief Residenciary of that Church, and

now

now Bishop of *Chicester*) a man then generally known by the Clergy of this Nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him dayly, and observing that his sicknesse rendred his recovery doubtfull, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him, to this purpose.

'Mr. *Dean*, I am by your favour no stranger to your temporal estate, & you are no stranger to the Offer lately made us, for the renewing a Lease of the best Prebends Corps belonging to our Church; and you know, 'twas denyed, for that our Tenant being very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate as held not proportion with his advantages: but I will raise him to an higher summe, or procure that the other Residenciaries shall joyn to

'accept of what was offered: one 'of those I can and will doe with-'out delay, and without any 'trouble either to your body or 'mind, I beseech you to accept 'of my offer, for I know it will 'be a considerable addition to 'your present estate.

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon his bed, he made this reply.

'My most dear friend, I most 'humbly thank you for your ma-'ny favours, and this in particu-'lar: But, in my present condi-'tion, I shall not accept of your 'proposall; for doubtlesse there 'is such a Sinne as *Sacriledge*, if 'there were not, it could not 'have a name in Scripture. And 'the Primitive Clergy were 'watchfull against all appearan-

'ces

'ces of it; and indeed then all 'Christians lookt upon it with 'horror and detestation: Judg-'ing it to be even an *open dis-'ance of the power and providence 'of Almighty God, and a sad pre-'sage of a declining Religion.* But 'instead of such Christians, who 'had selected times set a part to 'fast and pray to God, for a pi-'ous Clergy which they did 'obey, Our times abound with 'men that are busie and litigious 'about trifles and Church Ce-'remonies; and yet so far from 'scrupling *Sacriledge*, that they 'make not so much as a quære 'what it is: But, I thank God I 'have, and dare not now upon 'my sick bed, when Almighty 'God hath made me uselesse to 'the service of the Church, make 'any advantages out of it. But if 'he shall again restore me to such
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a degree of health, as again to serve at his *Altar*, I shall then gladly take the reward which the bountifull Benefactours of this Church have designed me; for God knowes my Children and relations will need it. In which number my mother (whose Credulity and Charity has contracted a very plentifull to a very narrow estate) must not be forgotten: But Dr. *King*, if I recover not, that little, that very little, when divided into eight parts, must, if you deny me not so Charitable a favour, fall into your hands as my mst *faithfull friend* and Executor; of whose Care and Justice, I make no more doubt then of Gods blessing on that which I have conscienciously collected for them, and this I declare as my unalterable resolution.

The

The reply to this was onely a promise to observe his request.

Within a few dayes his distempers abated; and as his strength increased, so did his thankfulnesse to Almighty God, testified in his *book of Devotions*, which he published at his recovery. In which the reader may see, the most secret thoughts that then possest his soul, Paraphrased and made publick; a book that may not unfitly be called a Sacred picture of spiritual extasies, occasioned and applyable to the emergencies of that sicknesse, which being a composition of *Meditations*, *disquisitions* and *prayers*, he writ on his sick-bed; herein imitating the holy Patriarchs, who were wont to build their Altars in that place, where they had received their blessings. This

This sicknesse brought him so neer to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say his recovery was supernatural. But God that restor'd his health continued it to him, till the fifty-ninth year of his life. And then in *August* 1630. being with his eldest Daughter Mrs. *Harvie* at Abury-hatch in *Essex*, he there fell into a fever, which with the help of his constant infirmity (vapors from the spleene) hastened him into so visible a Consumption, that his beholders might say as St *Paul* of himself, *He dies daily*; and he might say with *Job*, *my welfare passeth away as a cloud, the dayes of my affliction have taken hold of me, and weary nights are appointed for me.*

Rea-

Reader, this sicknesse continued long, not onely weakening but wearying him so much, that my desire is, he may now take some rest, and that before I speake of his death thou wilt not think it an impertinent digression to look back with me upon some observations of his life, which whilst a gentle slumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exercise thy consideration.

His marriage was the remarkable errour of his life; an errour which though he had a wit able, very apt to maintain Paradoxes, yet he was very farre from justifying; & though his wives Competent yeares, and other reasons might be justly urged to moderate severe Censures; yet he would occasionally condemn him-

himſelf for it: and doubtleſſe it had been attended with an heavy Repentance, if God had not bleſt them with ſo mutuall and Cordiall affections, as in the midſt of their ſufferings made their bread of ſorrow taſte more pleaſantly then the banquets of dull and low-ſpirited people.

The recreations of his youth were *Poetry*, in which he was ſo happy, as if nature and all her varieties had been made onely to exerciſe his ſharpe wit, and high fancy; and in thoſe pieces which were facetiouſly Compoſed and careleſly ſcattered (moſt of them being written before the twentieth year of his age) it may appear by his choice Metaphors, that both *Nature* and all the *Arts* joyn'd to aſſiſt him with their utmoſt skill.

It

It is a truth, that in his penitentiall yeares, viewing some of those pieces loosely scattered in his youth, he wish't they had been abortive, or so short liv'd, that his own eyes had witnessed their funeralls. But though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly Poetry as to forsake that, no not in that in his declining age; witnessed then by many Divine Sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious Composures. Yea even on his former sick-bed he wrote this heavenly *Hymne*, expressing the great joy that then possest his soul in the Assurance of Gods favour to him.

An Hymne to God the Father.

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For, I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have wonne
Others to sin, and made my sin their doore?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thred I shall perish on the shore:
But swear by thy self, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And having done that thou hast done,
I fear no more.

I have the rather mentioned this *Hymne*, for that he caus'd it to be set to a most grave and so-

lemn tune, and to be often sung to the *Organ* by the *Choristers* of that *Church*, in his own hearing, especially at the Evening Service; and at his return from his Customary Devotions in that place, did occasionally say to a friend, *The words of this* Hymne *have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that posseſt my soul in my sicknesse when I composed it. And, Oh the power of Church-musick! that Harmony added to it has raised the affections of my heart, and quickned my graces of zeal and gratitude*; and I observe, *that I alwaies return from paying this publick duty of* Prayer *and* Praise to *God with an unexpreßible tranquillity of mind*, and a willingnesse to *leave the world*.

After this manner did the Disciples of our Saviour, and the best

best of Christians in those Ages of the Church nearest to his time, offer their praises to Almighty God. And the reader of St. *Augustines* life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly, that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and prophaned and ruin'd their *Sanctuaries*, and because their *Publick Hymns* and Lauds were lost out of their Churches. And after this manner have many devout soules lifted up their hands and offered acceptable Sacrifices unto Almighty God in that place where Dr. *Donne* offered his.

But now oh Lord---

Before I proceed further, I think fit to informe the reader, that not long before his death

he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an Anchor, like those which painters draw when they would present us with the picture of Christ Crucified on the Crosse; his varying no otherwise then to affixe him to an Anchor (the Embleme of hope) this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of these figures thus drawn to be ingraven very small in *Helitropian* Stones, and set in gold, and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends to be used as *Seales*, or *Rings*, and kept as memorialls of him and his affection.

His dear friends Sir *Henry Goodier* and Sir *Robert Drewry*, could not be of that number, for they had put off mortality, and taken possession of the grave before

ſore him. But Sir *Henry Wootton*, and Dr. *Hall* the late deceaſed Biſhop of *Norwich* were, and ſo were Dr. *Duppa* Biſhop of *Salisbury*, and Dr. *Henry King* Biſhop of *Chiceſter*, (both now living-men) in whom there was and is ſuch a Commixture of generall *Learning*, natural *eloquence*, and Chriſtian *humility*, that they deſerve a Commemoration by a pen equall to their own, which none hath exceeded.

And in this enumeration of his friends, though many muſt be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety Mr. *George Herbert* may not, I mean that *George Herbert*, who was the Author of the *Temple* or *Sacred Poems and Ejaculations*. (*A book*, in which by declaring his own ſpirituall Conflicts he hath raiſed many a

dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts: *A book*, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the Author, the Reader may attain habits of *peace* and *piety*, and all the gifts of the *Holy Ghost* and *Heaven*; and by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the Altar of so pure a heart, as shall be freed from the anxieties of this world, and fixt upon things that are above; betwixt him and Dr. *Donne* there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a Sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each others Company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred indearments, of which that which followeth

may

may be some Testimony.

To Mr. *George Herbert*, with one of my Seales of the *Anchor* and *Crest*. A sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be my Seal, the Crest of our poor Family.

Qui prius assueras Serpentum falcer rebellis
Signare hoc nostra Symbola parva domus
Adscitus domus domini.

Adopted in Gods family, and so
My old Coat lost into new Arms I go.
The Crosse my seal in Baptism, spread below,
Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
Crosses grow Anchors, bear as thou should'st do
Thy Crosse, and that Crosse grows an Anchor too.
But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus
Is Christ, who there is crucify'd for us.
Yet with this I may my first Serpents hold:
God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old.
The Serpent may as wise my pattern be,
My poyson, as he feeds on dust, hurt's me.
And as he rounds the earth to murder, sure
He is my death, but on the Cross my cure.
Crucifie nature then, and then implore
All grace from him, crucify'd there before.

When all is Crosse, and that Crosse Anchor grown,
This seales a Catechisme, not a seal alone.
Under that little seal great gifes I send,
Both workes and prayers, pawnes and fruits of a friend,
Oh may that Saint that rides on our great Seal,
To you that beare his names large bounty deal. *J: Donne.*

In Sacram Anchoram Piscatoris
GEO. HERBERT.

Quod Crux nequibat fixa Claviq; additi,
Tenere Christũ scilicet ne ascenderet
Tuive Christum-------

Although the Cross could not Christ here detain,
When nail'd unto't, but he ascends again:
Nor yet, thy eloquence here keep him still,
But onely whilst thou speak'st; this Anchor will.
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain Anchor add a seal, and so
The *water* and the *earth*, both unto thee
Do owe the Symbole of their certainte.
Let the world reel, we & all ours stand sure,
This Holy Cable's from all storms secure.
G. H.

Love

Love neere his death desir'd to end,
With kind expressions to his friend;
He writ when's hand could write no more,
He gave his soul, and so gave o're.

G. HERBERT.

I return to tell the Reader, that besides these verses to his dear Mr. *Herbert*, and that *Hymne* that I mentioned to be sung in the *Quire* of S. *Pauls Church*; he did also shorten and beguile many sad hours by composing other sacred Ditties; and he writ an Hymn on his death-bed, which beares this title.

An Hymn to God my God in my sicknsse, March 23. 1630.

If these fall under the censure of a soul, whose too much mixture with earth makes it unfit to judge of these high illuminati-

ons; let him know that many holy & devout men have thought the soul of *Prudentius* to be most refined, when not many dayes before his death *he charged it to present his God each morning and evening with a new and spirituall song*; justified by the example of King *David* and the good King *Hezekias*, who upon the renovation of his years paid his thankfull vowes to Almighty God in a *royall Hymn*, which he concludes in these words, *The Lord was ready to save, therefore I will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the dayes of my life in the temple of my God.*

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued study; for as he usually preached once a week, if not oftner, so after his Sermon he never gave his eyes rest,

rest, till he had chosen out a new Text, and that night cast his Sermon into a forme, and his Text into divisions, and next day betook himself to consult the Fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his weeks meditations, and spent that day in visitation of friends, and other diversions of his thoughts, and would say, that *he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulness.*

Nor was his age onely so industrious, but in the most unsettled days of his youth, his bed was not able to detain him beyond the

the hour of four in a morning: and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten. All which time was employed in study; and if it seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours; some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written: for he left the resultance of 1400. Authors, most of them abridged and analysed with his own hand; he left also sixscore of his Sermons all written with his own hand; also an exact and laborious Treatise concerning *self-murther*, called *Biathanatos*, wherein all the Lawes violated by that Act are diligently surveyed and judiciously censured: a Treatise written in his younger dayes, which alone might declare him then not onely perfect in the *Civil* and *Canon Lawi*, but

but in many other ſuch ſtudies and arguments, as enter not into the conſideration of many that labour to be thought great Clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were theſe onely found in his ſtudy, but all buſineſſes that paſt of any publick conſequence, either in this or any of our neighbour-nations, he abbreviated either in Latine, or in the Language of that Nation, and kept them by him for a memoriall. So he did the copies of divers Letters and caſes of Conſcience that had concerned his friends, with his obſervations and ſolutions of them, and divers other buſineſſes of importance; all particularly and methodically digeſted by himſelf.

He

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him, making his will when no faculty of his soul was damp'd or made defective by sickness, or he surprized by a sudden apprehension of death: but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartiall Father by making his childrens portions equall, and a lover of his friends, whom he remembred with Legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them, for methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place, as namely, to his brother-in-law Sir *Th. Grimes*, he gave that striking Clock which he had long worn in his pocket.— To his deare friend and executor Dr. *King*, now Bishop of *Chichester*, that mo-

model of Gold of the Synod of *Dort*, with which the States presented him at his last being at the *Hague* — and the two Pictures of *Padrie Paulo* and *Fulgentio*, men of his acquaintance when he travelled *Italy*, and of great note in that Nation for their remarkable learning. — To his ancient friend Dr. *Brook*, Master of *Trinity Colledge* in *Cambridge* he gave the picture of the blessed Virgin and *Joseph*. — To Dr. *Winniff* (who succeeded him in the Deanry) he gave a picture called the *Skeleton*. — To the succeeding Dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessaries of worth, and usefull for his house; and also severall Pictures and Ornaments for the Chappel, with a desire that they might be registred, and remain as a Legacy to his Successors.

— To

—To the Earles of *Dorset* and of *Carlile* he gave several Pictures, and so he did to many other friends; Legacies given rather to express his affection, then to make any addition to their Estates: but unto the poor he was full of Charity, and unto many others, who by his constant and long continued bounty might intitle themselves to be his almes-people; for all these he made provision, and so largely, as having then six children living, might to some appear more then proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the Reader may think I trespass upon his patience: but I will beg his favour to present him with the beginning and end of his Will.

'In the name of the blessed

and

and glorious Trinity, *Amen.* I *John Donne*, by the mercy of *Christ Jesus*, and by the calling of the Church of *England Priest*, being at this time in good health and perfect understanding (praised be God therefore) do hereby make my last Will and Testament in manner and form following:

First, I give my gracious God an intire sacrifice of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for that assurance which his blessed Spirit imprints in me now of the Salvation of the one, and the Resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerfull resolution which the same Spirit hath establisht in me to live & die in the Religion now professed in the *Church of England.* In expectation of that Resurrection I desire my body may be

be buried (in the most private manner that may be) in that place of S. *Pauls* Church *London*, that the now Residentiaries have at my request designed for that purpose, *&c.*

And this my last Will and Testament, made in the fear of God (whose mercy I humbly beg and constantly relie upon in Jesus Christ) and in perfect love and charity with all the world (whose pardon I ask from the lowest of my servants to the highest of my superiours.) written all with my own hand, and my name subscribed to every page, of which there are five in number.

Sealed *Decem.* 13. 1630.

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of Charity expressed onely at his death,

death, but in his life also, by a cheerful & frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected, or his fortune necessitous; he was inquisitive after the wants of Prisoners, and redeemed many from thence that lay for their fees, or for small debts; he was a continuall giver to poor Scholars, both of this and forraign nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant, or a discreet and trusty friend, to distribute his charity to all the Prisons in London at all the Festivall times of the year, especially at the *Birth* and *Resurrection* of our Saviour. He gave an hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, & by a too liberall heart then decayed in his estate: and when the receiving of it was denied, by saying, *he wan-*

ted

ted not; for as there be some spirits so generous as to labour to conceal and endure a sad poverty, rather then those blushes that attend the confession of it; so there be others to whom Nature and Grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind; which I have mentioned because of Dr. *Donne*'s reply, whose answer was, *I know you want not what will sustain nature, for a little will do that; but my desire is that you who in the dayes of your plenty have cheered the hearts of so many of your friends, would receive this from me, and use it as a cordiall for the cheering of your own:* and so it was received. He was an happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred, which he ne-

never undertook faintly; for ſuch undertakings have uſually faint effects; and they had ſuch a faith in his judgement and impartiality, that he never adviſed them to any thing in vain. He was even to her death a moſt dutifull ſon to his Mother, careſull to provide for her ſupportation; of which ſhe had been deſtitute, but that God raiſed him up to prevent her neceſſities; who having ſucked in the Religion of the Roman Church with her Mothers milk, ſpent her eſtate in forraign Countreys to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his houſe but three moneths before him.

And to the end it may appear how juſt a ſteward he was of his Lord and Maſters revenue, I have thought fit to let the Reader

der, know that after his entrance into his Deanery, as he numbred his yeares, and at the foot of a private account (to which God and his Angells were onely witnesses with him) computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor, and other pious uses; and lastly, what rested for him and his; he blest each yeares poor remainder with a thankfull prayer; which for that they discover a more then common Devotion, the Reader shall partake some of them in his own words.

So all is that remaines
of these two yeares.

Deo Opt. Max. benigno
Largitori, à me, & ab iis
Quibus hæcà me rese vantur,
Gloria & gratia in æternum.
Amen.

So that this year God hath blessed me
and mine with.

Mul-

Multiplicatæ sunt super
Nos misericordiæ tuæ
Domine.

Da Domine, ut quæ ex immensâ
Bonitate tuâ nobis elargiri
Dignatus sis, in quorumcunque
Manus devenerint, in tuam
Semper cedant gloriam.

Amen.

In fine horum sex Annorum manet

Quid habeo quid non accepi à Domino?
Largiatur etiam ut quæ largitus est;
Sua iterum fiant, bono eorum usu; ut
Quemadmodum nec officiis hujus mundi,
Nec loci in quo me posuit dignitati, nec
Servis, nec egenis, in toto hujus anni
Curriculo mihi conscius sum me defuisse;
Ita & liberi, quibus quæ supersunt,
Supersunt, grato animo ea accipiant,
Et beneficium authorem recognoscant.

Amen.

But I return from my long Digression.

We left the Author sick in *Essex*,

Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that winter, by reason of his disability to remove from thence: And having never for almost twenty yeares omitted his personall Attendance on his Majesty in that moneth in which he was to attend and preach to him; nor having ever been left out of the Roll and number of Lent-Preachers; and there being then (in *January* 1630.) a report brought to *London*, or raised there, that Dr. *Donne* was dead: That report gave him occasion to write this following letter to a friend.

Sir,

"This advantage you and my "other friends have by my fre-"quent fevers, that I am so "much the oftner at the Gates "of Heaven, and this advan-"tage

" tage by the ſolitude & cloſe im-
" priſonment that they reduce me
" to after; that I am ſo much
" the oftner at my prayers, in
" which I ſhall never leave out
" your happineſſe; and I doubt
" not but among his other bleſ-
" ſings, God will adde ſome one
" to you for my prayers. A man
" would almoſt be content to
" dye (if there were no other be-
" nefit in death) to hear of ſo
" much ſorrow, and ſo much
" good Teſtimony from good
" men as I (God be bleſſed for
" it) did upon the report of my
" death; yet I perceive it went
" not through all, for one writ
" to me that ſome (and he ſaid
" of my friends) conceived I was
" not ſo ill as I pretended, but
" withdrew my ſelf to live at
" eaſe, diſcharged of preaching.
" It is an unfriendly, and God

"knowes an ill-grounded inter-
"pretation; for I have alwaies
" been sorrier when I could not
" preach, then any could be they
" could not hear me. It hath
" been my desire, and God may
" be pleased to grant it, that I
" might dye in the Pulpit; if not
" that, yet that I might take my
" death in the Pulpit, that is, dye
" the sooner by occasion of those
" labours. Sir, I hope to see you
" presently after *Candlemas*, a-
" bout which time will fall my
" *Lent-Sermon at Court*, except
" my *Lord Chamberlain* believe
" me to be dead, and so leave me
" out of the roll; but as long as
" I live and am not speechlesse,
" I would not willingly decline
" that service. I have better
" leisure to write then you to
" read; yet I would not willing-
" ly oppresse you with too much
" Let-

"Letter. God blesse you and
"your Son as I wish

Your poor friend and servant
in Christ Jesus,
J. Donne.

Before that moneth ended, he was designed to preach upon his old constant day, the first *Friday* in *Lent*; he had notice of it, and had in his sicknesse so prepared for that imployment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weaknesse should not hinder his journey; he came therefore to *London*, some few dayes before his day appointed. At his being there many of his friends (who with sorrow saw his sicknesse had left him onely so much flesh as did cover his bones) doubted his strength to performe that task; and therefore dissuaded him from under-

taking it, assuring him however, it was like to shorten his daies; but he passionately denyed their requests, saying, *he would not doubt that God who in many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would not now withdraw it in his last employment; professing an holy ambition to performe that sacred work.* And when to the amazement of some beholders he appeared in the Pulpit, many thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and dying face. And doubtlesse many did secretly ask that question in *Ezekiel, Do these bones live? or can that soul Organize that tongue, to speak so long time as the sand in that glasse will move towards its Centre, and measure out an hour of this dying mans unspent life?*

Ezek. 37.3.

Doubt-

Doubtleſſe it cannot; yet after ſome faint pauſes in his zealous prayer, his ſtrong deſires enabled his weake body to diſcharge his memory of his preconceived meditations; which were of dying, the Text being, *To God the Lord belong the iſſues from Death.* Many that then ſaw his teares, and heard his hollow voice, profeſſing they thought the Text prophetically choſen, and that *Dr.* Donne *had preach't his own funerall Sermon.*

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to performe this deſired duty, he haſtened to his houſe, out of which he never moved, till like St. *Stephen, he was carryed by devout men to his Grave.*

The next day after his Sermon, his ſtrength being much

wasted, and his spirits so spent, as indisposed him to businesse, or to talk. A friend that had often been a witnesse of his free and facetious discourse, asked him, *Why are you sad?* To whom he replyed with a countenance so full of cheerfull gravity, as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world. And said,

'I am not sad, but most of 'the night past I have enter-'tained my self with many 'thoughts of severall friends that 'have left me here, *and are gone* '*to that place from which they shall* '*not returne*: And that within a 'few dayes *I also shall go hence* '*and be no more seen*. And my 'preparation for this change is 'become my nightly meditation upon

'upon my bed, which my infir-
'mities have now made restlesse
'to me. But at this present time
'I was in a serious Contempla-
'tion of the goodnesse of God to
'me, who am lesse then the least
'of his mercies; and looking
'back upon my life past, I now
'plainly see it was his hand that
'prevented me from all tempo-
'rall imployment, and it was his
'will that I should never settle
'nor thrive till I entred into the
'Ministry; in which I have now
'liv'd almost twenty yeares (I
'hope to his glory) and by which
'I most humbly thank him, I
'have been inabled to requite
'most of those friends which
'shewed me kindnesse when my
'fortune was very low, and (as
'it hath occasioned the expres-
'sion of my gratitude) I thank
'God most of them have stood

'in need of my requitall. I have
'liv'd to be usefull and com-
'fortable to my good father in
'Law Sir *George Moore*, whose
'patience God hath been plea-
'sed to exercise with many tem-
'porall crosses; I have maintain-
'ed my own mother, whom it
'hath pleased God after a plenti-
'full fortune in her younger
'dayes, to bring to a great decay
'in her very old Age. I have
'quieted the Consciences of ma-
'ny that have groaned under the
'burthen of a wounded Spirit,
'whose prayers I hope are a-
'vailable for me. I cannot plead
'innocency of life, especially of
'my youth: But I am to be
'judged by a mercifull God,
'who is not willing to see what
'I have done amisse. And though
'of my self I have nothing to
'present to him but sins and
misery;

'misery; yet I know he looks
'not upon me now as I am of
'my self, but as I am in my Sa-
'viour, and hath given me even
'at this time some testimonies
'by his holy Spirit, that I am of
'the number of his Elect: *I am*
'*full of joy, and shall die in peace.*

I must here look so far back, as to tell the Reader, that at his first return out of *Essex*, his old Friend and Physician, Dr. *Fox*, a man of great worth, came to him to consult his health, who after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, told him, *That by Cordials and drinking milk twenty dayes together, there was a probability of his restauration to health*; but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless, Dr. *Fox*, who loved him most intirely, wearied him

with ſolicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten dayes; at the end of which time he told Dr. *Fox, he had drunk it more to ſatisfie him, than to recover his health; and that he would not drink it ten dayes longer upon the beſt morall aſſurance of having twenty years added to his life, for he loved it not; and he was ſo far from fearing death (which is the King of terrours) that he longed for the day of his diſſolution.*

It is obſerved, that a deſire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man, and that thoſe of the ſevereſt and moſt mortified lives, though they may become ſo humble as to baniſh ſelf-flattery, and ſuch weeds as naturally grow there; yet they have not been able to kill this deſire of glory, but that like

like our radicall heat it will both live and die with us; and many think it ſhould do ſo; and we want not ſacred examples to juſtifie the deſire of having our memory to out-live our lives: which I mention, becauſe Dr. *Donne*, by the perſwaſion of Dr. *Fox*, yielded at this very time to have a Monument made for him; but Dr. *Fox* undertook not to perſwade how or what it ſhould be; that was left to Dr. *Donne* himſelf.

This being reſolved upon, Dr. *Donne* ſent for a Carver to make for him in wood the figure of an *Urn*, giving him directions for the compaſſe and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the height of his body. Theſe being got, and without delay a choice Painter was in a readineſs

to

to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth.— Severall Charcole-fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted for the grave. Upon this Urn he thus stood with his eyes shut, and so much of the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned toward the East, from whence he expected the second coming of our Saviour. Thus he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued, and became his

his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and Executor Dr. *King*, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white Marble, as it now stands in the Cathedrall Church of S. *Pauls*; and by Dr. *Donn*'s own appointment these words were to be affixed to it as his Epitaph:

JOHANNES DONNE
Sac. Theol. Professor

Post varia Studia quibus ab annis tenerrimis fideliter, nec infeliciter incubuit;
Instinctu & impulsu Sp. Sancti,
Monitu & Hortatu
REGIS JACOBI, *Ordines Sacros amplexus Anno sui Jesu*, 1614. *& sua ætatis* 42.

De-

Decanatu hujus Ecclesiæ indutus 27. Novembris 1621.

Exutus morte ultimo Die Martii 1631.

Hic licet in Occiduo Cinere
Aspicit Eum

Cujus nomen est Oriens.

Upon Monday following he took his last leave of his beloved Study, and being sensible of his hourly decay retired himself to his bed-chamber, and that week sent at severall times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell; commending to their considerations some sentences usefull for the regulation of their lives, and dismist them as good *Jacob* did his sons, with a spirituall Benediction.

The

The Sunday following he appointed his ſervants, that if there were any buſineſſe undone that concerned him or themſelves, it ſhould be prepared againſt Saturdy next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world, nor ever did. But as *Job*, ſo he *waited for the appointed time of his diſſolution.*

And now he had nothing to do but die; to do which he ſtood in need of no longer time, for he had ſtudied long, and to ſo happy a perfection, that in a former ſickneſs he called God to witneſs* *he was that minute ready to deliver his ſoul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his diſſolution.* In that ſickneſs he begg'd of God the conſtancy to be preſerved in that eſtate for ever;

* In his book of Devotions.

ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortall soul disrob'd from her garment of mortality, makes me confident he now had a modest assurance that his Prayers were then heard, and his Petition granted. He lay fifteen dayes earnestly expect ng his hourly change, and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the Beatifical Vision, he said, *I were miserable if I might not die*; and after those words closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, *Thy kingdome come, thy will be done*. His speech, which had long been his ready and faithfull servant, left him not till the last minute, and then forsook him, not to serve another Master, but di-
ed

ed before him, for that it was become uſeleſſe to him that now converſed with God on earth, as Angels are ſaid to do in heaven, *onely by thoughts and locks*. Being ſpeechleſs, he did as S. *Stephen, look ſtedfaſtly towards heaven, till he ſaw the Son of God ſtanding at the right hand of his Father*: and being ſatisfied with this bleſſed ſight, as his ſoul aſcended, and his laſt breath departed from him, he cloſed his own eyes, and then diſpoſed his hands and body into ſuch a poſture as required no alteration by thoſe that came to ſhroud him.

Thus *variable*, thus *vertuous* was the Life, thus *excellent*, thus *exemplary* was the Death of this memorable man.

He

He was buried in that place of S. *Pauls* Church which he had appointed for that use some yeares before his death, and by which he passed daily to pay his publick Devotions to Almighty God (who was then served twice a day by a publick form of Prayer and Praises in that place) but he was not buried privately, though he desired it; for beside an unnumbred number of others, many persons of Nobility and of eminency for Learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did shew it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a publick sorrow.

To which place of his Buriall some mournful Friend repaired; and as *Alexander the Great* did to the

the grave of the famous *Achilles*, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly Flowers; which course they (who were never yet known) continued morning and evening for many dayes; not ceasing till the stones that were taken up in that Church to give his body admission into the cold earth (now his bed of rest) were again by the Masons art levelled and firmed, as they had been formerly, and his place of buriall undistinguishable to common view.

Nor was this all the Honour done to his reverend Ashes; for as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debter; persons that dare trust God with their Charity, and without

without a witness; so there was by some gratefull unknowne friend, that thought Dr. *Donne*'s memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred Marks sent to his two faithfull Friends * and Executors towards the making of his Monument. It was not for many years known by whom, but after the death of Dr. *Fox* it was known that he sent it; and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend as Marble can express; a Statue indeed so like Dr. *Donne*, that (as his friend Sir *Henry Wotton* hath expressed himself) it seems to breath faintly, and Posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificiall Miracle.

Dr. *King* and Dr. *Monfort*.

He was of Stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally-proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of Comelinesse.

The

The melancholy and pleasant humor were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his Company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy *was unimitably high, equalled onely by his great wit, both being made usefull by a commanding judgement.*

His aspect *was cheerfull, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a Conscience at peace with it self.*

His melting eye *shewed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion, of so brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.*

He did much contemplate (*especially after he entred into his Sacred Calling*) the mercies *of Almighty God, the* immortality of the soul, *and the* joyes of Heaven; *and would often say,* Blessed be God that he is God divinely like himself.

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reject at the excesses of it.

it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so mercifull a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge; with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and imployed in a continued praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body; which once was a Temple of the Holy Ghost, *and is now become a small quantity of* Christian dust.

But I shall see it reinanimated.

J. W.

To all my friends, Sir H. Goodere.

SIR,

I Am not weary of writing; it is the course, but durable garment of my love; but I am weary of wanting you. I have a mind like those bodies which have hot Livers and cold stomachs; or such a distemper as travelled me at *Paris*, a Fever, and dysentery: in which, that which is physick to one im-

infirmity nourishes the other. So I abhor nothing more then sadnesse, except the ordinary remedy, change of company. I can allow my self to be *Animal sociale*, appliable to my company, but not *gregale*, to herd my self in every troup. It is not perfectly true which a very subtil, yet very deep wit, *Averroes*, says, that all mankind hath but one soul, which informs and rules us all, as one Intelligence doth the firmament and all the Stars in it; as though a particular body were too little an organ for a soul to play upon. And it is as imperfect which is taught by that religion which is most accommodate to sense (I dare not say to reason (though it have appearance of that too) because none may doubt but that that religion is certainly best which is reasonablest) That all mankind hath one protecting Angel; all Christians one other, all English one other, all of one Corporation and every civill coagulation or society one other; and every man one other. Though both these opinions

opinions expresse a truth; which is, that mankind hath very strong bounds to cohabit and concurre in other then mountains and hills during his life. First, common and mutuall necessity of one anorher; and therefore naturally in our defence and subventions we first fly to our selves; next, to that which is likest, other men. Then, naturall and inborn charity, beginning at home, which perswades us to give, that we may receive: and legall charity, which makes us also forgive. Then an ingraffing in one anorher, and growing together by a custome of society: and last of all, strict friendship, in which band men were so presumed to be coupled, that our Confessor King had a law, that if a man be killed, the murderer shall pay a summe *felago suo*, which the interpreters call, *fide ligato, & comiti vitæ.* All these bands I will ingly receive, for no man is less of himself then I; nor any man enough of himself: To be so, is all one with omnipotence. And it is well marked, that in the holy Book, where-

soever

ſoever they have rendred Almighty, the word is Self-ſufficient. I think ſometimes that the having a family ſhould remove me far from the curſe of *Vaſoli*. But in ſo ſtrict obligation of Parent, or Husband, or Maſter, (and perchance it is ſo in the laſt degree of friendſhip) where all are made one, I am not the leſſe alone, for being in the midſt of them. Therefore this *oleum lætitiæ*, this balme of our lives, this alacrity which dignifies even our ſervice to God, this gallant enemy of dejection and ſadneſſe, (for which and wickedneſſe the Italian allows but one word, *Triſte* : And in full condemnation whereof it was propheſied of our bleſſed Saviour, *Non erit triſtis*, in his converſation) muſt be ſought and preſerved diligently. And ſince it grows without us, we muſt be ſure to gather it from the right tree. They which place this alacrity onely in a good conſcience, deal ſomewhat too roundly with us, for when we ask the way, they ſhew us the town afar off : Will a Phyſician

consulted for health and strength, bid you have good sinews and equal temper? It is true, that this conscience is the resultance of all other particular actions; it is our triumph and banquet in the haven; but I would come towards that also, (as Mariners say) with a merry wind. Our nature is Meteorique, we respect (because we partake so) both earth and heaven; for as our bodies glorified shall be capable of spirituall joy, so our souls demerged into those bodies, are allowed to partake earthly pleasure. Our soul is not sent hither, onely to go back again: we have some errand to do here: nor is it sent into prison, because it comes innocent; and he which sent it, is just. As we may not kill our selves, so we may not bury our selves: which is done or indangered in a dull Monastick sadness, which is so much worse then jollity (for upon that word I durst ——— And certainly despair is infinitely worse then presumption: both because this is an excesse of love, that of

of fear; and because this is up, that down the hill; easier, and more stumbling. Heaven is expressed by singing, hell by weeping. And though our blessed Saviour be never noted to have laughed, yet his countenance is said ever to be smiling And that even moderate mirth of heart, and face, and all I wish to my self, and perswade you to keep. This alacrity is not had by a generall charity and equanimity to all mankind, for that is to seek fruit in a wildernesse: nor from a singular friend, for that is to fetch it out of your own pocket: but the various and abundant grace of it, is good company; in which no rank, no number, no quality, but ill, and such a degree of that as may corrupt and poyson the good, is exempt. For in nearer then them, your friend, and somewhat nearer then he, in your self, you must allow some inordinatenesse of affections and passions: For it is not true that they are not naturall, but stormes and tempests of our bloud and humours; for they are naturall,

but sickly. And as the Indian priests expressed an excellent charity, by building Hospitalls, and providing chirurgery for birds and beasts lamed by mischance, or age, or labour: so must we, not cut off, but cure these affections, which are the bestiall part.

To Sir H. Goodere.

SIR,

EVery Tuesday I make account that I turn a great hour-glass, and consider that a weeks life is run out since I writ. But if I ask my self what I have done in the last watch, or would do in the next, I can say nothing; if I say that I have passed it without hurting any, so may the Spider in my window. The primitive Monkes were excusable in their retirings and enclosures of themselves: for even of them every one cultivated his own garden and orchard, that is, his soul and body, by meditation, and manufactures; and they ought the

the world no more, ſince they conſumed none of her ſweetneſſe, nor begot others to burden her. But for me, if I were able to husband all my time ſo thriftily, as not onely not to wound my ſoul in any minute by actuall ſin, but not to rob and couzen her by giving any part to pleaſure or buſineſſe, but beſtow it all upon her in meditation, yet even in that I ſhould wound her more, and contract another guiltineſſe: As the Eagle were very unnaturall, if becauſe ſhe is able to do it, ſhe ſhould pearch a whole day upon a tree, ſtaring in contemplation of the majeſty and glory of the Sun, and let her young Eglets ſtarve in the neſt. Two of the moſt precious things which God hath afforded us here, for the agony and exerciſe of our ſenſe and ſpirit, which are a thirſt and inhiation after the next life, and a frequency of prayer and meditation in this, are often envenomed, and putrefied, and ſtray into a corrupt diſeaſe: for as God doth thus occaſion, and poſitively concurre to evil, that

when a man is purposed to do a great sin, God infuses some good thoughts which make him choose a lesse sin, or leave out some circumstance which aggravated that; so the devil doth not onely suffer, but provoke us to some things naturally good, upon condition that we shall omit some other more necessary and more obligatory. And this is his greatest subtilty; because herein we have the deceitfull comfort of having done well, and can very hardly spie our errour, because it is but an insensible omission, and no accusing act. With the first of these I have often suspected my self to be overtaken; which is, with a desire of the next life: which though I know it is not meerly out of a wearinesse of this, because I had the same desires when I went with the tyde, and enjoyed fairer hopes then now: yet I doubt worldly encumbrances have increased it. I would not that death should take me asleep: I would not have him meerly seise me, and onely declare me to be dead, but win me,
and

and overcome me. When I must shipwrack, I would do it in a Sea, where mine impotency might have some excuse; not in a sullen weedy lake, where I could not have so much as exercise for my swimming. Therefore I would fain do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder. For to choose is to do; but to be no part of any body, is to be nothing. At most, the greatest persons, are but great wens and excrescences; men of wit and delightfull conversation, but as moles for ornament, except they be so incorporated into the body of the world, that they contribute something to the sustentation of the whole. This I made account that I begun early, when I understood the study of our laws; but was diverted by the worst voluptuousnesse, which is an Hydroptique immoderate desire of humane learning and languages, beautifull ornaments to great fortunes: but mine needed an occupation, and a course which I thought I entred well into, when I submitted

my ſelf into ſuch a ſervice, as I thought might imploy thoſe poor advantages which I had. And there I ſtumbled too, yet I would try again: for to this hour I am nothing, or ſo little, that I am ſcarce ſubject and argument good enough for one of mine own letters: yet I fear, that doth not ever proceed from a good root, that I am ſo well content to be leſſe, that is, dead. You, Sir, are far enough from theſe deſcents, your vertue keeps you ſecure, and your naturall diſpoſition to mirth will preſerve you; but loſe none of theſe holds, a ſlip is often as dangerous as a bruiſe, and though you cannot fall to my lowneſs, yet in a much leſſe diſtraction you may meet my ſadneſs; for he is no ſafer which falls from an high Tower into the leads, then he which falls from thence to the ground: make therefore to your ſelf ſome mark, and go towards it alegrement. Though I be in ſuch a planetary and erratick fortune, that I can doe nothing conſtantly, yet you may finde ſome conſtan-

cy

cy in my constant advising you to it.

Your hearty true friend
J. Donne.

I came this evening from M. Jones *his house in* Essex, *where M.* Martin *hath been, and left a relation of Captain* Whitcocks *death, perchance it is no news to you, but it was to me; without doubt want broke him; for when M.* Hollands *Company by reason of the plague broke, the Captain sought to be at Mrs.* Jones *house, who in her husbands absence declining it, he went in the night, his boy carrying his cloakbag, on foot to the Lord of* Sussex, *who going next day to hunt, the Captain not then sick, told him he would see him no more. A Chaplain came up to him, to whom he delivered an account of his understanding, and, I hope, of his belief; and soon after dyed; and my Lord hath buried him with his own Ancestors. Perchance his life needed a longer sickness; but a man may go faster and safer when he enjoyes that day-light of a*

clear and sound understanding, than in the night or twy-light of an Ague or other disease. And the grace of Almighty God doth every thing suddenly and hastily but depart from us, it enlightens us, warmes us, heates us, ravishes us at once. Such a medicine, I fear, his inconsideration needed; and I hope as confidently that he had it. As our soul is infused when it is created, and created when it is infused, so at her going out, Gods mercy is had by asking, and that is asked by having. Lest your Polesworth—— &c.

To Sir H. Goodere.

SIR,

THis letter hath more merit, then one of more diligence, for I wrote it in my bed, and with much pain. I have occasion to sit late some nights in my study, (which your books make a pretty library) and now I find that that room hath a wholesome emblematique use: for having under it

it a vault, I make that promise me, that I shall die reading, since my book and a grave are so near. But it hath another unwholesomenesse, that by raw vapours rising from thence, (for I can impute it to nothing else) I have contracted a sicknesse which I cannot name nor describe. For it hath so much of a continuall Cramp, that it wrests the sinews; so much of a Tetane, that it withdraws and puls the mouth; and so much of the Gout, (which they whose counsell I use say it is) that it is not like to be cured, though I am too hasty in three dayes to pronounce it. If it be the Gout, I am miserable; for that affects dangerous pares, as my neck and breast, and (I think fearfully) my stomach, but it will not kill me yet. I shall be in this world like a porter in a great house, ever nearest the door, but seldomest abroad: I shall have many things to make me weary, and yet not get leave to be gone. If I go, I will provide by my best meanes that you suffer not for me in your bonds. The estate which

which I should leave behind me of any estimation, is my poor fame, in the memory of my friends, and therefore I would be curious of it, and provide that they repent not to have loved me. Since my imprisonment in my bed, I have made a meditation in verse, which I call a Litany; the word you know imports no other then supplication, but all Churches have one form of supplication, by that name. Amongst ancient annals, I mean some 800 years, I have met two Letanies in Latin verse, which gave me not the reason of my meditations, for in good faith I thought not upon them then, but they give me a defence, if any man; to a Lay man, and a private, impute it as a fault, to take such divine and publique names to his own little thoughts. The first of these was made by *Ratpertus* a Monk of *Suevia*; and the other by S. *Notker*, of whom I will give you this note by the way, that he is a private Saint for a few parishes; they were both but Monks, and the Letanies poor and bar-

barbarous enough; yet Pope *Nicolas* the 5. valued their devotion so much that he canonized both their Poems, and commanded them for publick service in their Churches: mine is for lesser Chappels, which are my friends, and though a copy of it were due to you, now, yet I am so unable to serve my self with writing it for you at this time, (being some 30 staves of 9 lines) that I must intreat you to take a promise that you shall have the first, for a testimony of that duty which I owe to your love, and to my self, who am bound to cherish it by my best offices. That by which it will deserve best acceptation, is, That neither the Roman Church need call it defective, because it abhors not the particular mention of the blessed Triumphers in heaven; nor the Reformed can discreetly accuse it of attributing more then a rectified devotion ought to do. The day before I lay down, I was at *London*, where I delivered your Letter for Sir *Edward Conway*, and received another for you, with the copy

py of my Book, of which it is impossible for me to give you a copy so soon, for it is not of much lesse then 300 pages. If I die, it shall come to you in that fashion that your Letter desires it. If I warm again, (as I have often seen such beggers as my indisposition is, end themselves soon, and the patient as soon) you and I shall speak together of that, before it be too late to serve you in that commandment. At this time I onely assure you, that I have not appointed it upon any person, nor ever purposed to print it: which later perchance you thought, and grounded your request thereupon. A Gent. that visited me yesterday told me that our Church hath lost Mr. *Hugh Broughton*, who is gone to the Roman side. I have known before, that *Serarius* the Jesuit was an instrument from Cardinal *Baronius* to draw him to *Rome*, to accept a stipend, onely to serve the Christian Churches in controversies with the Jews, without indangering himself to change of his persuasion in particular de-

deductions between these Christian Churches, or being inquired of, or tempted thereunto. And I hope he is no otherwise departed from us. If he be, we shall not escape scandall in it; because, though he be a man of many distempers, yet when he shall come to eat assured bread, and to be removed from partialities, to which want drove him, to make himself a reputation, and raise up favourers; you shall see in that course of opposing the Jews, he will produce worthy things: and our Church will perchance blush to have lost a Souldier fit for that great battell; and to cherish onely those single Duellisms between *Rome* and *England*; or that more single, and almost self-homicide, between the unconformed Ministers and Bishops. I writ to you last week that the plague increased; by which you may see that my Letters

opinion of the

song, not that I make such trifles for praise; but because as long as you

speak

ſpeake comparatively of it with mine own, and not abſolutely, ſo long I am of your opinion even at this time; when I humbly thank God, I ask and have, his comfort of ſadder meditations; I do not condemn in my ſelf, that I have given my wit ſuch evaporations as thoſe, if they be free from prophaneneſſe, or obſcene provocations. Sir, you would pity me if you ſaw me write, and therefore will pardon me if I write no more: my pain hath drawn my head ſo awry, and holds it ſo, that mine eye cannot follow mine hand: I receive you therefore into my prayers, with mine own weary ſoul, and commend my ſelf to yours. I doubt not but next week I ſhall be good news to you, for I have mending or dying on my ſide, which is two to one: If I continue thus, I ſhall have comfort in this, that my Bleſſed Saviour exerciſing his Juſtice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune, and body, reſerves all his mercy for that which beſt taſts it, and moſt needs it, my ſoul. I profeſſe to you truly, that my lothneſſe to give over

over now, seems to my self an ill sign, that I shall write no more.

Your poor friend, and Gods poor patient,
J. Donne.

To the Honble Lady, the Lady Kingsmel, *upon the death of her Husband.*

MADAME,

THose things which God dissolves at once, as he shall doe the Sun and Moon, and those bodies at the last conflagration, he never intends to re-unite again; but in those things, which he takes in pieces, as he doth man and wife in these divorces, by death, and in single persons, by the divorce of body and soul, God hath another purpose to make them up again. That peice which he takes to himself, is presently cast in a mould, and in an instant made fit for his use; for heaven is not a place of a proficiency, but of present perfection. That piece which he leaves behind in this world, by the death of a part thereof, grows fitter and fitter for him, by the good use of his corrections, and the intire

intire conformity to his will. Nothing disproportions us, not makes us so uncapable of being reunited to those whom we loved here as murmuring, or not advancing the goodness of him who hath removed them from hence. We would wonder to see a man, who in a wood were left to his liberty to fel what trees he would, take onely the crooked and leave the straightest trees; but that man hath perchance a ship to build, and not a house, and so hath use of that kind of timber: let not us, who know that in Gods house there are many mansions, but yet have no modell, no designe of the form of that building, wonder at his taking in of his materialls, why he takes the young and leaves the old, or why the sickly over-live those that had better health. We are not bound to think, that soules departed have devested all affections towards them whom they left here; but we are bound to thinke, that for all their loves they would not be here again: then is the will of God done in earth as it is in

in heaven, when we neither pretermit his actions, nor resist them; neither pass them over in an inconsideration, as though God had no hand in them; nor go about to take them out of his hands, as though we could direct him to do them better. As Gods Scriptures are his will, so his actions are his will; both are testaments, because they testifie his mind to us. It is not lawful to adde a Schedule to either of his wills: as they do ill, who adde to his written will, the Scriptures, a schedule of Apocryphall books; so do they also, who to his other will, his manifested actions, adde Apocryphall conditions, and a Schedule of such limitations as these: If God would have staid thus long, or if God would have proceeded in this or this manner, I could have borne it. To say that our afflictions are greater then we can bear, is so neer to despairing, as that the same words express both; for when we consider *Cains* words in that originall Tongue in which God spake, we cannot tell whether the words be, *My punishment*

is

is greater then can be borne, or, *My sin is greater then can be forgiven.* But, Madam, you who willingly sacrificed your self to God, in your obedience to him in your own sickness, cannot be doubted to dispute with him about any part of you, which he shall be pleased to require at your hands. The difference is great in the losse of an arme, or a head; of a child, or a husband: but to them who are incorporated into Christ their head, there can be no beheading; upon you who are a member of the Spouse of Christ the Church, there can fal no widow-head, nor orphanage upon those childeren to whom God is father. I have not another office by your husbands death, for I was your Chaplain before in my dayly prayers; but I shall inlarge that office with other Collects than before, that God will continue to you that peace which you have ever had in him, and send you quiet and peaceable dispositions in all them with whom you shall have any thing to do, in your

your temporall estate and matters of this world. *Amen.*

Your Ladyships very humble and thankfull Servant in Chr. Jesu,
J. Donne.

At my poor house at S. *Pauls* 26. *Octob.* 1624.

An Epitaph written by Dr. *Corbet*, Bishop of *Oxford*, on his friend Dr. *Donne*.

HE that wood write an Epitaph for thee,
And write it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert, for none can truly know
Thy life and worth, but he that hath liv'd so.
He must have wit to spare, and to hurle down
Enough to keep the gallants of the Town.
He must have learning plenty, both the Lawes,
Civil and Common, to Judge any Cause.
Divinity great store above the rest,
Not of the last Edition, but the best.
He must have language, travell, all the Arts,
Judgement to use, or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do,
Such as *Mecænas*, and *Augustus* too:
He must have such a sicknesse, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.

He

He that would write an Epitaph for thee,
Should first be dead; let it alone for me.

To the Memory of my ever desired Dr. *Donne*. An Elegy by *H. King*. B. C.

TO have liv'd eminent in a degree
Beyond our loftiest thoughts, that is like thee;
Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe,
For such excesses find no Epitaph.
At common graves we have poetick eyes,
Can melt themselves in easie Elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin is like the hatchments to the hearse:
But as thine, poem or inscripeion
(Rich soul of wit and language) we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tomb be fit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not there:
Late her great patron, whose prerogative
Maintain'd and clothed her so as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dower estate.
Or else that awfull fire which once did burn
In thy chast brain, now fallen into thy urn,
Lives there to fright rude Empericks from thence,
Which might profane thee by their Ignorance.

Who

Who ever writes of thee, and in a ſtyle
Unworthy ſuch a theme, does but revile
Thy precious duſt, and wake a learned ſpirit,
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit:
For all a low-pitch't fancy can deviſe
Will prove at beſt but hallowed injuries:
Thou like the *dying Swan*, did'ſt lately ſing
Thy mournfull dirge in audience of the King;
When pale lookes and faint accents of thy breath
Preſented ſo to life that piece of death,
That it was fear'd and prophecy'd by all
Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy Funerall.
Oh hadſt thou in an Elegiack knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The ſolemn meaſures of thy griev'd retreat,
Thou might'ſt the Poets ſervice now have miſt,
As well as then thou didſt prevent the Prieſt:
And never to the world beholden be,
So much as for an Epitaph for thee.
I do not like the office; nor i'ſt fit
Thou who didſt lend our age ſuch ſumms of wit,
Should'ſt now re-borrow from her bankrupt mine
That ore to bury thee which firſt was thine:
Rather ſtill leave us in thy debt, and know,
Exalted Soul, more glory 'tis to owe
Thy memory what we can never pay,

Then

Then with embased Coine those rites defray.
Commit we then thee to thy self, nor blame
Our drooping loves that thus to thine own fame
Leave thee executors, since, but thine own
No pen could do thee Justice, nor bayes Crown
Thy vast deserts, save that we nothing can
Depute to be thy ashes guardian:
So Jewellers no art or metall trust (dust.
To form the Diamond, but the Diamonds

FINIS.